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ECHOES
FROM THE
GREEN HILLS



MYRTIE ANNA ALDRICH

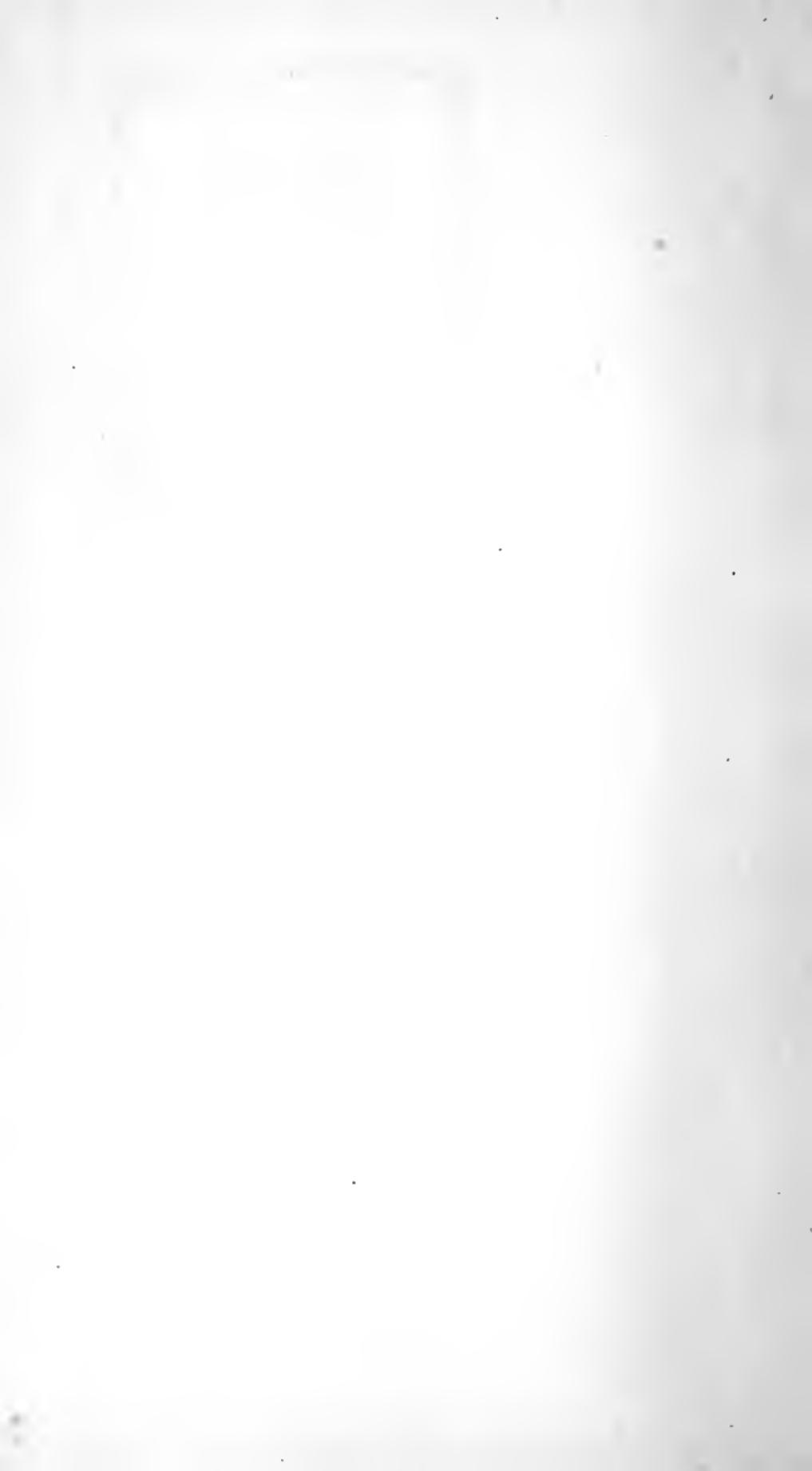


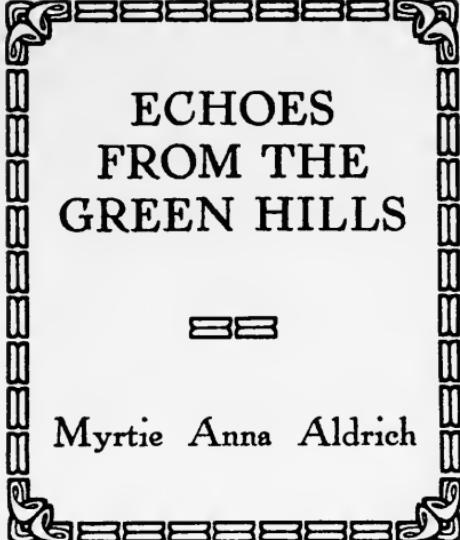
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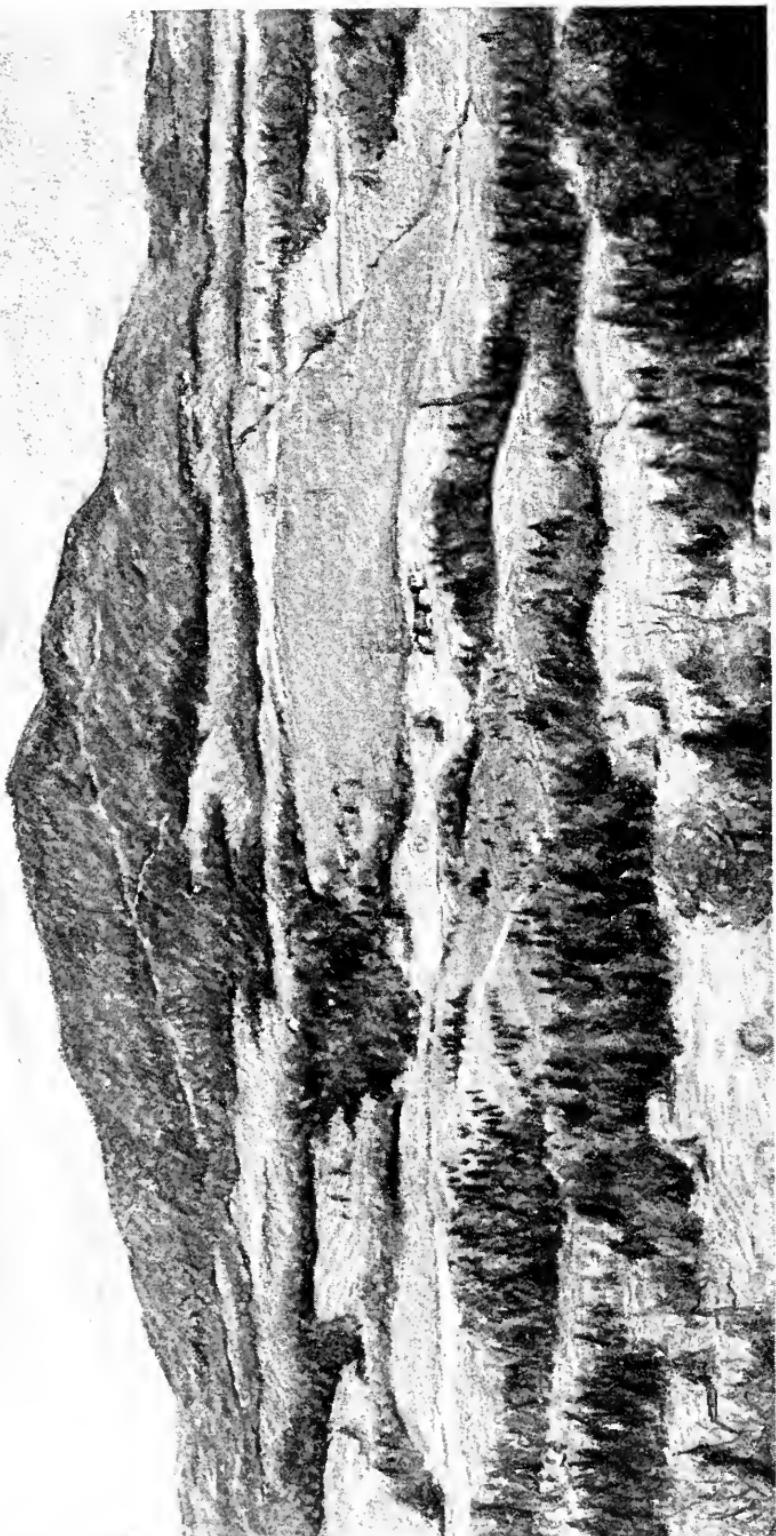




ECHOES
FROM THE
GREEN HILLS



Myrtie Anna Aldrich



BURKE MOUNTAIN

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

MYRTIE ANNA ALDRICH

||

Illustrations By
EARL ALLEN TITUS

*If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldest forget,
If thou wouldest read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.*

Longfellow

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1922

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DEDICATION

To the dear friends, whose belief in me, and my work, has ever been an inspiration, and an incentive to greater and better effort; whose friendship, tried and true, has been like a strong anchor, amid the storms of life; and whose many deeds of thoughtful kindness have blossomed along my pathway like rare and beautiful flowers, making brighter the dark places, and filling them with the fragrance of love and sympathy, this little volume is affectionately dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.





MYRTIE A. ALDRICH

FOREWORD

It is a real pleasure to introduce to a wider circle of readers and admirers the choice collection of poems by Miss Myrtie A. Aldrich that are contained in this little volume. Handicapped by the loss of her eyesight in her early childhood by a fall while at play, for nearly fifty years she has overcome all obstacles and exhibited a rare spirit of optimism in a life of ceaseless activity. She has always lived with her mother in the home in West Burke, Vt., where she was born June 28, 1872. The record of her life commands the admiration of all her friends. After a common school education she entered in 1884 the Perkins Institute at South Boston, where she remained seven years. While there she became acquainted with Laura Bridgeman and Helen Keller, as well as a noted coterie of Boston literati, including Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale and Hezekiah Butterworth. She also had the opportunity of hearing all the famous musicians of the day and enjoying the finest concerts given at that time in Boston. Entering Montpelier Seminary as a junior in 1893 she was graduated with first honors in 1895, also winning the second prize in the senior prize-speaking contest. For the next ten years she gave dramatic recitals through northern New England and Canada. Since 1905

she has been the day operator of the West Burke telephone exchange, doing her work with wonderful accuracy and promptness.

Miss Aldrich began writing poetry when 18 years old, her poems having appeared in the St. Nicholas, the Zeigler Magazine for the Blind, Boston dailies and many Vermont papers. Her greeting-card sentiments have also a wide reputation.

ARTHUR F. STONE.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

July 10, 1922.

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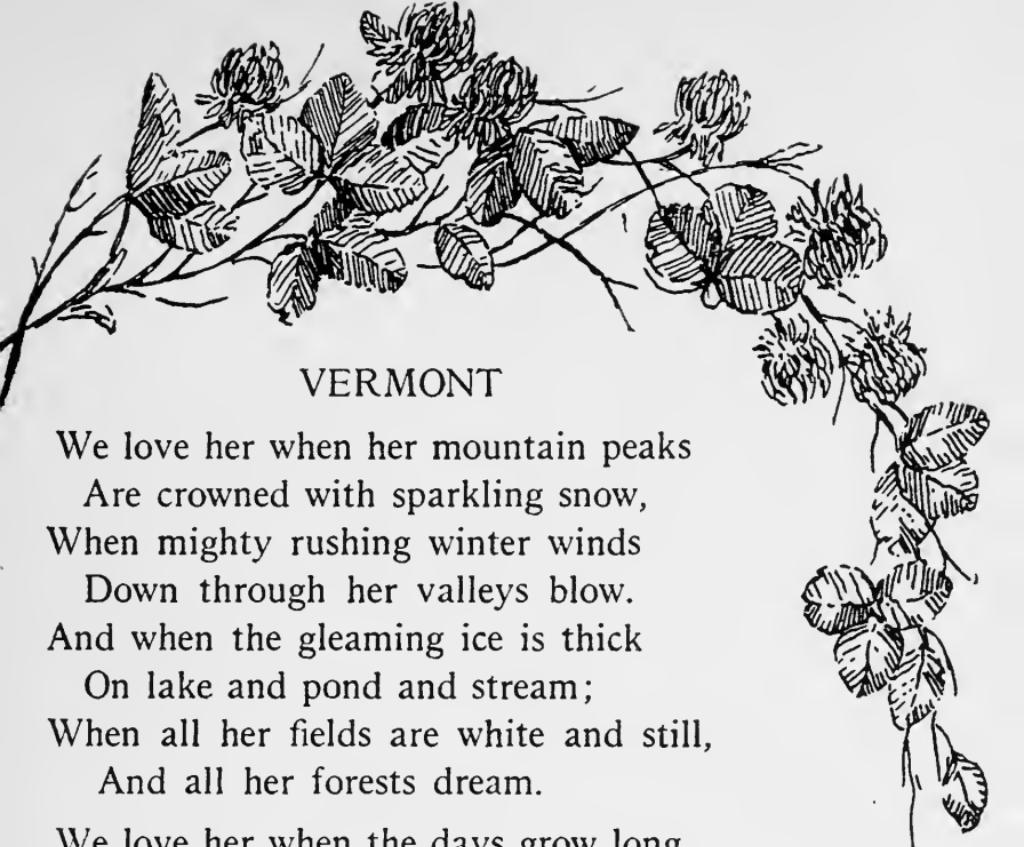
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Echoes
From The Green Hills





VERMONT

We love her when her mountain peaks
Are crowned with sparkling snow,
When mighty rushing winter winds
Down through her valleys blow.
And when the gleaming ice is thick
On lake and pond and stream;
When all her fields are white and still,
And all her forests dream.

We love her when the days grow long,
And Mother Nature lifts
The blanket from the sleeping earth,
And melts the wayside drifts.
When brooks and rills laugh out for joy,
And bluebirds softly call,
Then, old Vermont grows young again,
And has a smile for all.

We love her when the barefoot boy,
Brings berries to our door;
When buttercups with daisies dance,
Upon the earth's green floor;
And newmown hay pervades the air,—
What more could mortal want
Than just to wander o'er the hills
And fields of fair Vermont.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

We love her when the year grows old,
And harvest time is near,
When ripened grain, and apples red,
And goldenrod appear.

When through the purple haze, we see
Rich colors softly glow,
And spicy odors from the woods
Like dreams, drift to and fro.

Fair land of mountains, lakes and streams,
Of vales and hills of green,
Of men and women, brave and true
As e'er the world has seen;
We love her for her history,
The deeds, that made her great;
For all her beauty, and her charm,
Our dear Green Mountain State.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

MY WAKING GARDEN

All winter long my garden has been dead,
No blade of grass, no leaf on bush or tree;
But now, a song of life to earth hath sped,
And lo! spring brings my garden back to me.

Out there, a cosy nest the blue-birds build,
While crocuses are climbing toward the light;
The robin's breast with rapture sweet is thrilled,
And Flora weaves new petals, soft and bright.

A pansy woke this morning with a smile,
The daffodils are breaking through the sod;
The flower folk, in just a little while,
Will offer up their hymn of praise to God.

The bobolinks and orioles will come,
And lilacs will be blooming down the lane;
The honeysuckle bush with bees will hum,
And I shall have my garden back again!

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

A CALL TO SPRING

The brooks are bound with icy chains,
The fields are wrapped in blankets white,
The roots and buds are fast asleep,
O yes, it's winter still, all right.

I've looked for Spring for days and days,
In skies above, on earth below;
But all I felt, was bitter wind,
And all I saw, was ice, and snow.

I've listened for the robin's song,
It's time that he was here, you know;
But what I heard, was not his voice,
And what I saw, was just a crow.

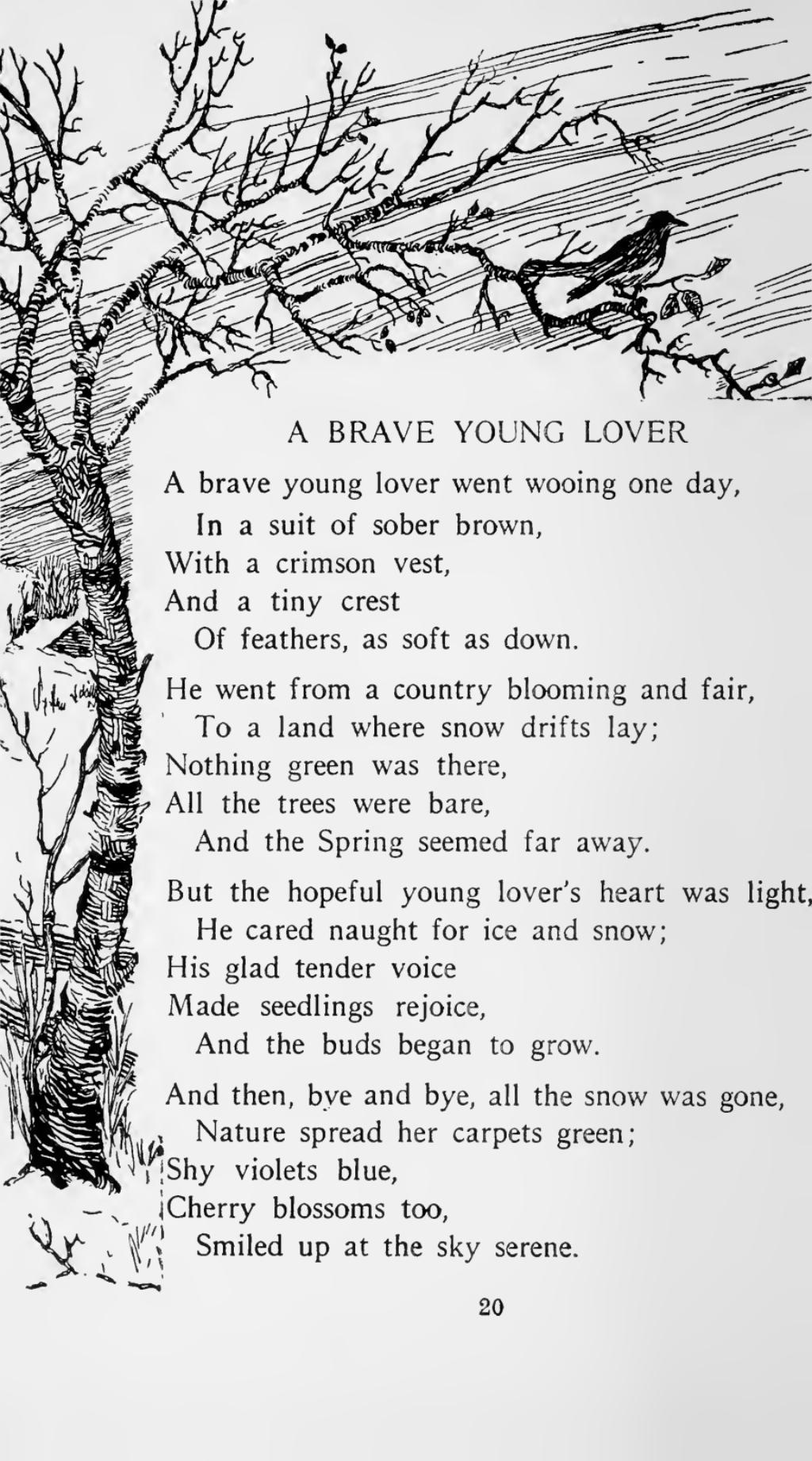
Spring is a lassie shy, we know,
A beauty-loving little maid,
Perhaps, the world is so mixed up,
She's worried and a bit afraid.

Some places where she strews her flowers
Are scenes of carnage, and of strife;
To see the change would sadden her,
She loves to give, not squander life.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

So, maybe, that's the reason why
The winds are cold, the streams are dumb,
Dear Spring, we know just how you feel,
But you must face the thing, so come!

We need your laughter and your smiles,
Your bird songs, and your warmth and light;
The world is cold, and dark with pain,
Come, Spring! and make all places bright—



A BRAVE YOUNG LOVER

A brave young lover went wooing one day,
In a suit of sober brown,
With a crimson vest,
And a tiny crest
Of feathers, as soft as down.

He went from a country blooming and fair,
To a land where snow drifts lay;
Nothing green was there,
All the trees were bare,
And the Spring seemed far away.

But the hopeful young lover's heart was light,
He cared naught for ice and snow;
His glad tender voice
Made seedlings rejoice,
And the buds began to grow.

And then, bye and bye, all the snow was gone,
Nature spread her carpets green;
Shy violets blue,
Cherry blossoms too,
Smiled up at the sky serene.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

And the happy young lover's heart was glad,
As he trilled the earth above;
For the blossoms bright
Heard with deep delight
His sweet yearning notes of love.

And he sang for joy, for sure was he,
As he flew from limb to limb,
All that fresh sweet bloom
Had burst from its tomb
Just to greet, and welcome him.

THE COQUETTE

'Twas April, yet Spring seemed far away,
And the hand of Winter chill
Held fast the keys that locked the brooks,
And somber skies with sullen looks
Hung low o'er field and hill.

'Twas April, the air was soft and mild,
And the sky was blue above;
The robins piped, "Tis Spring, 'tis Spring!"
And all the world with joy did sing
The old sweet song of love.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

AN APRIL DAY

Young Spring is lost among the drifts,
The fierce North Wind has driv'n her out;
The song-birds shiver in the trees,
And wonder what it's all about.
Old Winter laughs a hollow laugh,
That clogs the brooks, and chills the sap,
And all the flowers change their minds
And cuddle for another nap.

SPRING O' THE YEAR

Pussy willers noddin' on the bough,
Brooks an' breezes laughin' sweet and clear;
Green things soon will be a-sproutin' now,
Don't yer heart grow warm this time o' year?

Ice an' snow a meltin' all around,
Robins comin' back to build an' sing,
April spillin' flowers on the ground,
Hearts a growin' young, because it's Spring.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

I WANT TO PLAY WITH SPRING

When Spring comes smiling down the road,
I'll go to meet her, you just bet;
I'll help her through the last big drifts,
And keep her feet from getting wet.

I'll ask her please to show me where
The first arbutus may be found;
And where the velvet mosses be,
That make green carpets on the ground.

Together, we will find the place
Where pussy-willows always grow;
And she will show me baby ferns,
That have been sleeping 'neath the snow.

I'll take her to the crocus bed,
That's waiting to be kissed to life,
And ask her, when she's going to send
For Mr. Robin and his wife.

The winds and brooks will join to make
Glad music, for our dancing feet;
We'll smell the breath of growing things,
And hear new bird notes, soft and sweet.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

We'll play together all day long,
For she is young you see, like me;
And loves to dance, and laugh, and sing,
And make folks happy as can be.

So, when I think it's time for her,
I'll watch, and listen, till quite clear
I hear her calling me to come,—
And then, I'll run,—and bring her here!

LONGING

O to be out 'neath the soft Spring sky,
To be free, to welcome each happy new-comer!
O just to hear blithesome winds go by,
Singing of joy, and love, and Summer!

O to recline by a laughing stream,
To drink in the fragrance of blossoms un-
numbered!
O just to lie mid green things, and dream,
Close to the heart where Spring has slumbered!

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

MAY

I found her in a woodsy dell
Asleep, upon a mossy bed,
Anemones were keeping watch,
And sunbeams played about her head.
Her hands were full of violets,
As blue and tender as the skies;
Her dress of green was 'broidered o'er
With daffodils and butterflies.

Beside her was a crystal vase,
A thing of beauty, frail and rare,
Brim full of perfumes of the Spring
That rose like incense on the air.
A bobolink, upon a bough
Awoke her, in his own glad way;
And then I knew I'd guessed aright,
The lovely maiden's name was May.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

LILACS

Sweet and clear the dewy morning,
Glad with songs of many birds,
Chirping, flitting, 'mong the treetops,
Trilling forth their strange sweet words.

Down the garden path I wandered,
Past the pansies, just awake;
And I saw the sunbeams coming,
Each his morning kiss to take.

Then, I caught a subtle fragrance,
And I whispered "Can it be?
Have the dear old lilacs blossomed,
Are they calling now, to me?"

O'er the short wet grass I hastened,
In the sunshines's golden light;
Past the daffodils and tulips,
And the waxen lilies white;

Till I reached the western corner,
Where in childhood days I played,
And lo! there among the green leaves
Plumes of white and purple swayed.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

That was long ago, dear lilacs,
But your perfume on the air
Calls to mind that far-off morning,
In that quaint old garden fair.

O the memories you waken,
O the thoughts that throng my brain
When you call to me, dear lilacs,
When I see your plumes again!

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

WHEN SUMMER WEDDED SPRING

Spring and Summer had a wedding,
On a bright and sunny day;
And the dainty winsome bridesmaids
Were the sisters, June and May.

Parson Jack stood in his pulpit,
Orange clad, and quite unique;
And they say, performed the service,
Though I never heard him speak.

Choirs of birds made wondrous music,
All the brooks and streams were there;
And the year brought choicest blossoms,
Which were scattered everywhere.

How the trees their new gowns rustled,
Feeling strangely young, and gay!
Just the four Winds were the ushers,
Nature gave the bride away.

And the whole affair was perfect,
As all weddings ought to be;
And the fragrance of the flowers
Still comes back in dreams to me.

When the Winter snows are falling,
And the cold winds bite and sting;
I shall think of that glad morning,
When young Summer wedded Spring.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

CHILDREN OF THE WOOD

In the warm damp places,
Sheltered by the trees,
Kissed by wandering sunbeams,
Fanned by every breeze,
Live the sweet wood children,
With the birds that sing,
Weaving soft bright carpets
For the feet of Spring.

Some are gay and friendly,
When we chance to meet,
Others, shy and modest,
Breathing perfume sweet;
Some are bright and graceful,
Touched with beauty rare,
Some are dressed like Quakers,
All are wondrous fair.

Happy little blossoms,
When the warm rains fall,
Waking from their slumbers
At the bluebird's call;
Lifting dainty faces
To the sun, and dew;
Little wild-wood children,
We thank God for you.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

NATURE'S CALL

When it's cherry-blossom time,
And I hear the liquid chime

 That the bobolink hides somewhere 'neath his
 wings,

Something stirs within my heart,
Bidding care and age depart,

 And the youth that will not die, within me sings.

When the leaves are young and new,
And the sky is May's own blue,

 And the oriole is piping silver-clear;
I would love to lie and dream,
By some little dancing stream,

 With unfolding ferns and mosses growing near.

When the waxen lilies white
Fill my senses with delight,

 And the fragrant purple lilacs nod and sway;
When a thousand odors blent,
From God's wide-spread gardens sent,
 Make each breath a sudden joy, through all
 the day.

Then my spirit soars and sings,
Hope revives, and spreads its wings,

 And I long to be a Gypsy, glad and free;
Just to spend those golden hours
Out among the birds and flowers,

 Where the woods, and fields and meadows talk
 to me.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

GOD'S GARDENS

I love the man-made gardens,
 Where all in rows and beds
The jonquils and the tulips
 In Spring lift up their heads.
Where golden-hearted lilies,
 And pansies, fresh and fair,
And mignonette, and roses,
 Breathe perfume every where.

Where sweet-peas dance to music
 Of birds, and winds, and streams;
And drowsy silken poppies
 Fill all the air with dreams.
But when young Spring is calling,
 I needs must wander far;
Through budding woods, and meadows,
 Where Nature's gardens are.

To feel the fragrant silence
 Beneath the forest trees,
See blossom-sprinkled hillsides,
 And mossy banks, and leas
Where violets nod, and beckon,
 And cowslips star the sod,
They weave a spell about me,
 These gardens, made by God!

THE VOICE OF THE FOREST

Away to the cool dim forest

I wandered, one bright spring day,
And I heard the brooks laugh gaily,
Glad again to be at play.

Above me the sky was cloudless,

All the air was fresh and sweet;
And mosses and dainty blossoms
Made a carpet for my feet.

Up among the tender leaflets

That rustled and danced with glee,
I could see the saucy squirrels
Peeping slyly down at me.

And I heard sweet bits of love songs,

From the busy feathered band,
Who are building pretty nest homes,
In the trees, on every hand.

Then I found a rare white blossom,

So wondrously sweet and fair,
Methought the hand of an angel
Must have blessed, and placed it there.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

And I said "Why should such beauty
In the shadows hidden be?

Where none save the birds and breezes,
And the twinkling stars can see?"

Then, a voice from out the branches
That nodded above my head,
A voice like a chord of music,
Called to me, and softly said,

"In the world's most wretched places,
Where sorrow and sin abound,
The greatest souls, and the purest hearts
Again and again are found.

The harmonies, grand and tender,
That linger, and thrill the heart,
Sang first in the souls of masters,
Who were poor, save for their art."

And so, mid the forest shadows,
Doth blossom this flower fair,
And the world is richer, sweeter,
Because God hath placed it there.

THE HEART OF YOUTH

'Tis a dew-splashed, sun-kissed garden,
Where sweet wild fancies play;
Where happy dreams,
And laughter streams,
Make music all the day.

There the tree of aspiration
Is fair, and straight, and tall,
And love's red rose
In beauty grows
Beside the garden wall.

There are long sweet thoughts that whisper
Mid blossoms fresh and fair;
And tender things
With shining wings,
Sing softly, here, and there.

There are birds of hope and courage,
Of faith, and joy and truth;
And where they sing
'Tis always Spring,
They make the heart of youth.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

THE SEASON'S QUEEN

Fair Summer, with thy blossom-dotted fields,
And cool green aisles, where many perfumes
blend in fragrance sweet;
And all thy dewy dawnings, when the birds
In chorus join, and soft and clear their morning
prayers repeat.

Bright Summer, when the sweetest roses bloom,
And beauty sleeps in every blade of grass and
common flower;
When, just to be alive, and feel it all,
Doth lift us toward the good, the grand, the
true, each glad, sweet hour.

Sweet Summer, with thy dancing swaying leaves,
That clothe the forest, and the wayside trees in
robes of green;
With all thy mirth, and happy, joyous sounds,
Thou art methinks, of all the seasons, fittest to
be queen.

A MID-SUMMER FETE

The fairies had a party
One night, and all the stars
Sent down a shower of twinkles,
Except the lordly Mars
Who gave a shining sword of light,
The elfin king to wear;
And Venus sent a jewel bright
To deck the queen's fair hair.

Their ball-room was a flower,
That's known as Queen Anne's lace,
As dainty, and as lovely
As any palace place.
It swayed with every passing breeze,
Sweet perfumes filled the air;
And sleepy birds high in the trees
Chirped softly, here and there.

The wee folk danced to music
From meadow lily bells,
And drank sweet draughts of nectar
From tiny dewdrop wells.
To usher in belated guests
The insects clashed their gongs
And, in the grass, the Summer winds
Sang tender whisper songs.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

At last, when they grew weary
Of their gay fancy ball,
The flower made a cradle,
With room enough for all
The tiny elves to nestle close,
Among its laces white,
And then, old Mother Moon smiled down,
And kissed them all, good-night.

GOD'S GIFT

God made a chain of perfect days,
And gave it to young June to wear;
She took it with a joyous smile,
And thanked Him, with a silent prayer
Of beauty, and of fragrance rare.

God trained a choir of happy birds
To sing for June their sweetest lays,
She listened, with her face alight,
And thanked Him in a hundred ways
For all those wondrous songs of praise.

God gives to us His lovely June,
And bids us seek her friendship rare.
We take the gift, but do we heed
The songs of praise that fill the air?
And understand her silent prayer?

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

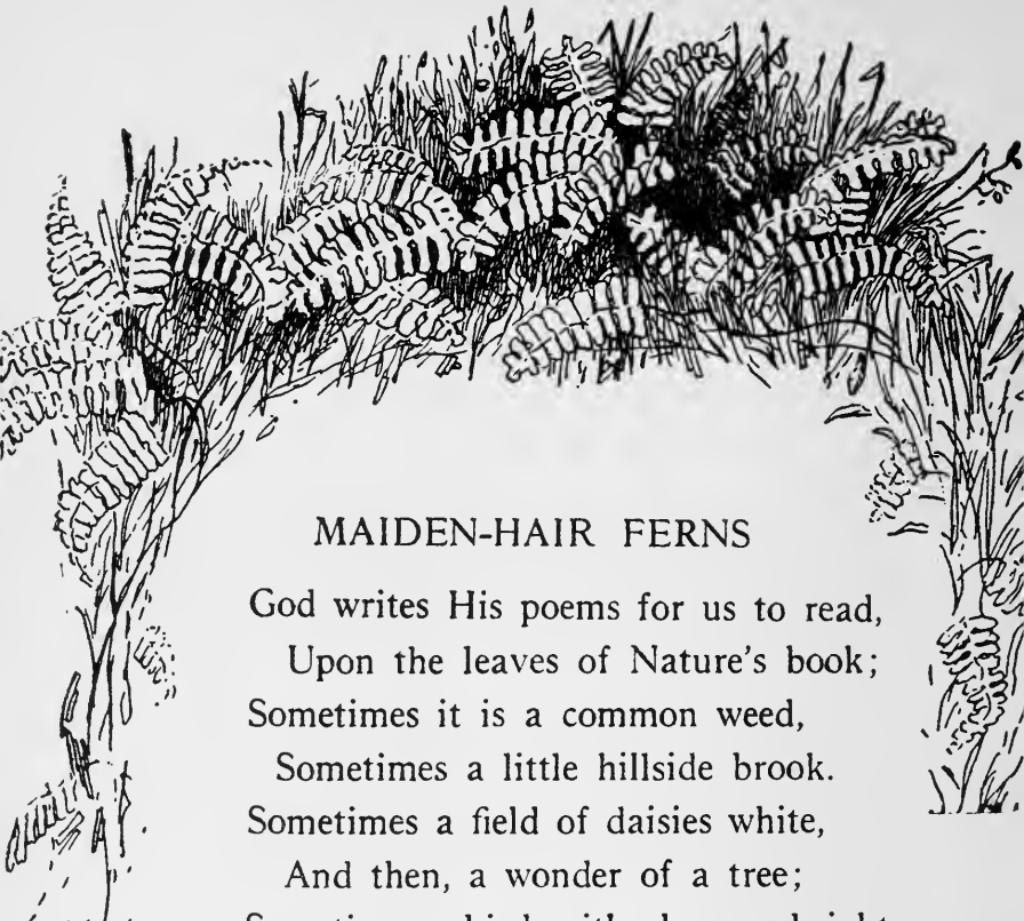
A SUMMER DAY

I love the breath of every rose that Summer
brings,
The clover's perfume, and the hum of bees;
The rippling sound of every little brook that sings,
The whisper of the winds among the trees.

I love the dewy mornings, radiant and sweet,
When joy pervades the very air we breathe;
The calm of noontide, with its drowsiness and heat,
The tender twilight, when strange fancies
wreathe

Themselves about me, like the ghosts of by-gone
flowers,
And I walk softly down the path of years;
Past golden days of youth, and happy care-free
hours,
With here and there, a shadowed pool of tears.

And, when the Summer moon is queen of earth
and sky,
And starry lamps shine softly in the blue,
My thoughts like homing birds, take wing, and
swiftly fly
Across the night, across the years, to you.



MAIDEN-HAIR FERNS

God writes His poems for us to read,
Upon the leaves of Nature's book;
Sometimes it is a common weed,
Sometimes a little hillside brook.
Sometimes a field of daisies white,
And then, a wonder of a tree;
Sometimes a bird, with plumage bright,
Sometimes a stretch of sun-kissed sea.

Along a quiet country way
I found a spot of beauty rare;
A place where cool dim shadows lay,
A bank of dainty maiden-hair.
The wood nymphs might have fashioned them,
Those fragile things of tender green;
Each feathered frond, each slender stem,
The fairest I had ever seen.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

They seemed like dream things waiting there,
For those to see, who passed them by;
Sweet bits of beauty fresh and fair,
Beneath the peaceful August sky.
And when cold Winter locks the streams,
And summer-time seems far away;
Again I'll see them in my dreams,
Those fairy ferns, I saw that day.

BEAUTY

In the fair blue sky she dwelleth,
From the rosy blushing dawn
Till the sun in glory fadeth,
And the glad bright day is gone.

From the flowers' little faces,
And the grasses on the leas;
From the plumage of the wild birds,
And the green-clad forest trees,

Beauty smiles a happy greeting
To the thoughtful passer-by
Who doth feel her gentle presence,
And doth know when she is nigh.

In the twilight calm she lingers,
Like a strain of music sweet;
Touching hearts with magic fingers,
Moving swift, with noiseless feet.

And, when evening shadows gather,
She is still a royal queen;
Clad in robes of tender moonlight,
Glist'ning with a starry sheen.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

Beauty lives in human faces,
In a look, a word, a deed;
In a smile that giveth sunshine,
Hope, and cheer, where there is need.

But, methinks, mayhap to angels
In that country bright above,
That the highest form of beauty
Is earth's sweetest blossom, love.

DREAMING

I wandered away into dreamland,
Just as twilight softly fell,
And over the fields where the daisies slept
Came stealing the voice of a lone church bell.
I could hear faint, and far, the lullaby songs
The mother birds sang to their young;
And the breezes call
To the waterfall,
As they wandered the trees among.

And I thought of the life that might have been,
As the moonbeams spun their gold;
And God in the infinite realms above
His star-spangled curtain of light unrolled.
I could hear sweet, and low, the dear words of love
That someone once whispered to me;
Then, the night was o'er,
It was morn once more,
And my dreams floated out to sea.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

A SUNBEAM, A SONG, AND A SMILE

I woke to find a sunbeam bright
Within my quiet room,
'Twas but a bit of golden light,
But it dispelled the gloom.

'Twas just a bird song, clear and sweet,
That fell upon my ear;
Yet, all my soul went out to meet
That sound, to me so dear.

'Twas but a sunny, gladsome smile,
That greeted me that day;
Yet, I was happy, for a while,
Because it glanced my way.

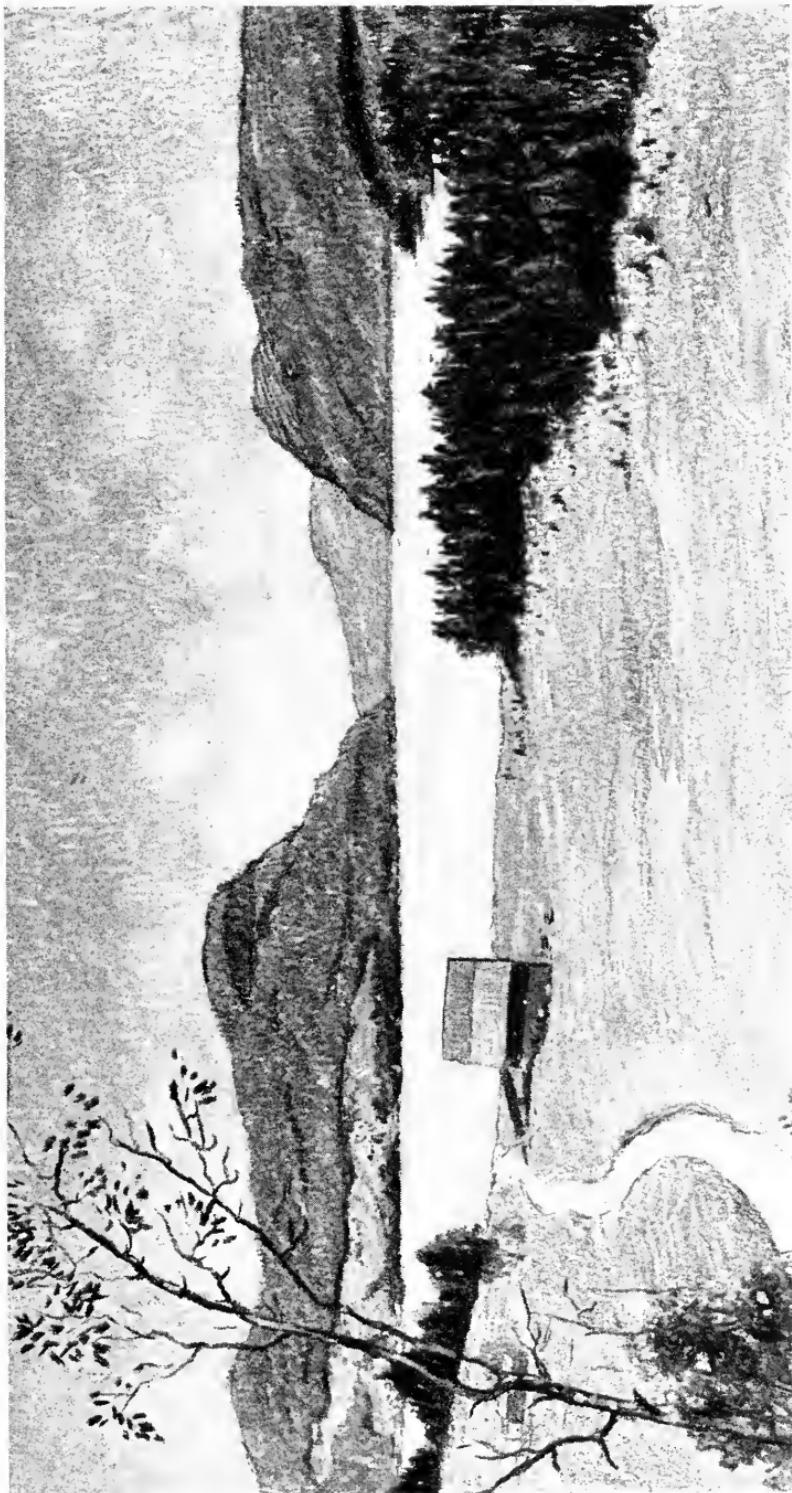
ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

TWILIGHT ON LAKE WILLOUGHBY

The sky was blue as Summer skies can be,
The lake, a fair child dreaming, lay asleep.
It pictured in its mirror, rock and tree,
And showed us secrets, hidden in the deep.

We heard the thrushes call from shore to shore,
Their notes like vesper bells rang all about;
And, in the west, gray Twilight held the door,
While that fair Summer Day passed slowly out.

We breathed the mountain air with keen delight,
Fresh from the spicy woods, and heights untrod;
We watched the afterglow grow soft and bright,
And breathed a wordless prayer of thanks to
God.



LAKE WILLOUGHBY

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

A PICTURE

Just a hazy, lazy day,
 Warmth and beauty everywhere,
Sun-kissed apples 'neath the trees,
 Spicy odors in the air.

Bird folk bidding us good-bye,
 Till they come again next year;
Insects humming drowsily,
 Waters lying calm and clear.

Gold and crimson streamers hung
 From dame Nature's leafy walls;
Tender, brooding silences,
 In the dim, cool forest halls.

Scarlet berries, glowing bright,
 Milkweed all in white array;
One fair page from Nature's book,
 Just a picture of a day.

THE LAST SONG

I stood alone beside a bubbling spring,
And watched the glory
That like some rich eastern robe
About September's regal form did cling.

The woods were all aglow with colors bright,
And there, around me
Goldenrod and asters lent
Their sweet fresh beauty to the lovely sight.

The air was mild, and full of spicy smells,
That with the breezes
Wandered to and fro, and found
At last a resting place, in quiet dells.

The brooks that laughed and sang in June were
still,
Cloudless was the sky,
And blue as violet's eyes,
That ope in May, beside the dancing rill.

The sun-steeped orchards seemed to me asleep,
So still and peaceful
Lay they in the mellow light
That hovered o'er them, with a splendor deep.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

The ripened fruit among the green leaves hung
All gold and crimson,
While from clinging vines the grapes
In luscious purple clusters lightly swung.

And 'neath the trees, where warm the sunshine lay,
Great heaps of apples
Waited for the children dear,
Who, to and fro, from school would pass that way.

At length, a sound the happy silence broke,
First soft, then louder,
Clear and sweet, it rose a song
That in my heart strange tender memories woke.

Dear bird, who, ere he to the southland flew
Sang one last sweet song,
That through all the quiet wood
Lingered in after days, as perfumes do.

So may it be, when summer-time is o'er,
And at my gateway
Autumn stands, may all be like
That calm September day, I ask no more.

And may I leave a blessing and a smile
When I go yonder,
That will make some few hearts glad
That I have lived, and worked, a little while.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

A DAY IN LATE OCTOBER

The wind in some far valley slept that day,
The earth was bathed in floods of yellow light;
The spicy air was soft, and warm as May,
And Silence 'neath the tree sat, robed in white.

The Summer tempests then were all forgot,
And dreary days, when clouds and rain held
sway,
I only saw the marvel they had wrought,
That wonder of the year, that golden day.

A tender, brooding spirit seemed abroad,
That whispered low of rest, and sweet repose,
Methinks it may have been the peace of God,
That through the world like fragrance comes,
and goes.

'Twas not like June, when all the world was new,
When hope is young, and Love is strong and
bold;
I saw the signs of many storms passed through,
'Twas like the face of age, that's not grown old.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

A face where Sorrow's hand has left its seal,
And yet, with lips that smile, and eyes that shine
With that clear light, that ever doth reveal
The soul within, that spark of life divine.

And so that day, though void of Springtime's
charm,
Was full of quiet gladness, and content;
And gave to all alike its strange sweet calm,
'Twas Nature's benediction, ere she went

To join the silent white-veiled-sisterhood,
Who dwell apart, within the convents dim,
That Winter builds in every quiet wood,
And sometimes on the hilltops, cold and grim.

O peaceful hours amid life's joy and pain,
Thy memory will live within my breast;
O golden day, that ne'er can come again,
Thou wert to me a dream of perfect rest.

THE SONG OF THE WIND

Over the fields and woods I go,
Tossing in drifts the glist'ning snow,
 Making the naked branches groan,
 And the sombre pines to sigh and moan,
As I rock them to and fro.

Over the fields and woods I fly,
Blossoming trees and hedges by,
 Tiny new leaflets dance and play,
 And bright happy voices seem to say,
“O that Spring would last for aye!”

Over the fields and woods I glide,
Rustling corn and wheat beside;
 Over the dusted heated street,
 Into the bowers fragrant and sweet,
Where the shy wild blossoms hide.

Over the fields and the woods I roam,
When birds have sought their southern home;
 When dead leaves on the damp earth lie,
 And tear drops fall from the dull gray sky,
And Autumn's sad days have come.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

PATIENCE

When pain makes dark and dreary
 What before was bright,
When brain and heart are weary,
 And hope is out of sight;
When Sorrow, pale and sad-eyed,
 Doth take thee by the hand,
And lead thee through the shadows
 Toward some dim, untried land;
Look outward, and not inward,
 Look upward and not down;
Be patient 'neath thy burden,
 His cross shall win thy crown.

TWILIGHT

Beyond the golden rim of day
She came, a lady all in grey.
With tender eyes, alight with dreams,
And hair, that held stray sunset gleams.
Her voice was music in my ears,
Her smile was strangely mixed with tears;
And round her, floated on the breeze
The fragrance of old memories.

WELCOME OLD WINTER

There are no song-birds left in the woodland
bowers,

No blossoms in meadow or lea;

No delicate perfumes afloat on the breezes,

No laughter of brooks, glad and free.

The fair gentle Spring and the beautiful Summer

Have told their sweet story once more;

Sad Autumn is waning, the North wind is sighing,

And old Winter knocks at the door.

Let's give him a welcome, the jolly old traveler,

Who comes with a rush and a roar;

With jingle of sleighbells, and bright hints of
Christmas,

Come children, let's fling wide the door!

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

CROWS IN WINTER

When your corn is nicely planted
 In the mellow, fertile ground,
You don't feel exactly friendly
 To the crows, when they come round
With their everlasting chatter,
 And their appetite for corn;
Then, they seem to you a nuisance,
 And you wish they'd not been born.
But, when Winter spreads his blankets
 Over valley, field and hill,
When the wild birds' nests are empty,
 And their happy songs are still;
On some bright and sunny morning,
 When the ice begins to thaw,
If you chance to hear from somewhere
 A familiar, friendly, "Caw!"
You will feel a thrill of gladness,
 And your heart will leap, and sing;
And you'll shout, "A crow, d'you hear him?
 Say, now don't that sound like Spring?"

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY FIRST

In this hour of stress and strain
When the soul, and heart, and brain
Reel and stagger, while we wait,
Trembling, for the nation's fate;
When we cannot see the way
Growing rougher day by day,
And our land by war is cursed,—
Keep the love of country first.

Set aside all selfish aims,
Treasure in your hearts the names
Of the men who bled and died
For this land, "the pilgrims' pride,"
In the ranks your places take,
Fight, for blessed freedom's sake,
And, though foes may do their worst,—
Keep the love of country first.

Give no place to hate or greed,
Serve your nation in her need,
Patriotism is the word,
Let its voice be often heard;
Answer quickly, to its call,
There is work enough for all.
Do not wait to be coerced,—
Keep the love of country first.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

God is on the side of right,
Though our feeble human sight
Cannot penetrate the gloom
Woven by yon skillful loom,
Manned by jealousy and hate;
We must trust, and work, and wait,
Hoping we have seen the worst,—
Keeping love of country first.

Oh, be loyal, brave and true,
Come what may, your duty do.
Look beyond these trying years
With their heartbreak, and their tears,
To the time when wars shall cease,
And the world will be at peace.
See glad freedom's fetters burst
Keep the love of country first.

April, 1917.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

PEACE ON EARTH AGAIN

I hear the tramp of marching feet,
I see the strong, the brave, the true;
Who "over there" across the seas,
Are fighting for the right, and you.
For liberty and all the world,
For freedom's reign in every land;
And, while they strive, let us at home
Be quick to lend a helping hand.

I hear the bugle call to arms,
From training camps, both far and near,
Where mothers' boys, and fathers' sons
And lovers true, and husbands dear,
Are learning all the art of war,
That they may speed the happy day
When men shall lay their weapons down,
And find another, better way.

I hear the groans of wounded men,
I see their faces, stern and white;
I hear the prayers of those at home,
O God, where is thy hand of might?
Have we not had enough of war?
Wilt thou not strike a final blow?
Have we not learned a lesson yet,
That thou wouldest have thy children know?

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

I see the dawning of the day
For which we all have prayed so long;
And, in the distance I can hear
The notes of love's triumphant song.
O purge the world of hate and greed,
And guide the wayward feet of men;
Write thou thy law upon our hearts,
And give us peace on earth, again.

November, 1917.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

THE STAY-AT-HOME

He wanted to go with the colors,
To fight for the red, white, and blue;
He wanted to join the great army
Of boys, who were loyal and true.

He longed to avenge little children,
With others, he wanted his chance
To fight for the right, and his country,
A soldier lad, somewhere in France.

He wanted to strive for new freedom,
To answer his country's clear call;
But, doctors said, he couldn't stand it,
That there, he'd be no use at all.

So, folding his dreams in the colors,
He laid them away, on the shelf;
And said, "I will work for my country,
I'll do all I can by myself."

The duty he did, that was nearest,
Put into the work his best skill;
He scattered good cheer, hope and courage,
And managed some grumbles to still.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

None praised him, or called him a hero;
Few saw what his life really meant;
He just stayed at home with the colors,
And sowed the good seed of content.

But someday his name will be mentioned,
As one who stood bravely the test;
For those who stayed home with the colors,
Were soldiers, as well as the rest.

BACK HOME

March, 1918.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

OCTOBER REFLECTIONS

Slowly, sadly, the leaves are falling
Over the graves of the sleeping flowers;
Softly, sweetly, the birds are calling,
From their retreats in the woodland bowers.

Warm and tender, the great sun lingers,
Bathing the earth in his golden light;
Swiftly changing with magic fingers
Sober green robes into garments bright.

Sobbing, sighing, the North wind rushes
Over the pasturelands, brown and bare;
Nature to sleep her children hushes,
Covering each with a mother's care.

TO-MORROW

The world looks toward America,
And wonders what she's going to do,
If she will prove herself to be
A land of people brave and free,
A nation great, and strong, and true.
Will she up-root the poison weeds
From out her garden sweet and fair,
And in their place plant love and truth,
And keep them ever growing there?

God looks upon America,
And wonders why she does not wake;
Why, after all the weary years,
The sacrifice, the bitter tears,
The struggle, and the long heartache;
She does not cast her fetters off,
And rise, to meet the great new day,
That reaches eager arms to her,
And bids her haste, and not delay.

God wants, we want America
To lift and keep her standards high;
To strive each day for better things,
To soar each year on stronger wings,
To work, and hope, and pray, and try
To be the land for which they died,
Who gave their future, and are gone;
That we, who stayed at home in peace,
Might live to see To-morrow dawn.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

BEHIND AND BEFORE

Behind, are the lights that now burn dim,
The dreams that have not come true;
The shattered hopes, and the wasted days,
The things that we meant to do.

Before, is the chance to try again,
The gleam of a clear bright star;
That shines alway, though the night be dark,
And points where the best things are.

Behind, is the shock and pain of war,
The roar, and the din of strife;
The bitter tears, and the broken hearts,
The cost, and the toll of life.

Before, is the dawn of brotherhood,
The time when all wars shall cease;
When men at last will have climbed the hill
That leads to the realm of peace.

BROKEN PROMISES

The morning may break resplendent
But a cloud of sombre grey
May quite hide the sky
From the human eye,
And darken the whole glad day.

There may be a bud of beauty,
That somebody tends with care;
But a gale at night
May ruin it quite,
And end all its promise fair.

There may be a young life given,
A face, with a winsome smile;
But the voice so sweet,
And the tiny feet,
May grow silent, ere a while.

And I said, "Why these beginnings,
That can never have an end?
Who will pay the cost
Of the beauty lost,
And the broken hopes will mend?"

"No beauty is ever wasted,"
Came the answer clear and strong;
"All the broken bits
The master refits,
Till the whole becomes a song."

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

MINE TO KEEP

Mine to keep, within my memory's halls,
The music of the robin, as he sings in May;
The low, sweet murmur of the waterfalls,
As o'er the rocks and pebbles joyously they play.

Mine to keep, the perfume of the flowers,
The glory of the fields, and distant wooded hills;
The sweet wild beauty of the forest bowers,
The blithesome happy laugh of dancing sun-
kissed rills.

Mine to keep, the wondrous blue of sky,
The gold and crimson of the clouds, ere twi-
light falls;
The gleam of sails, that out at sea float by,
The birds, that make the air resound with low,
sweet calls.

Mine to keep, the springtime in my heart,
When age, like winter, comes, with ice and
drifting snow;
The blossoms fair of faith, and love and hope,
That I the needy world may bless, where'er I go.

GOD KNOWS THE WAY

Why look upon the darker side of life?
Why seek for clouds, or watch for storm?
Why go to meet thy troubles, why fear strife?
Why anxious be, lest harm should come
To thee, or someone whom thy love holds dear?
Learn how to live from day to day;
One step, the hand that guides thee maketh clear,
Canst thou not trust? God knows the way.

MY GARDEN

I have a beautiful garden,
With many a treasure filled,
Where the years make slow sweet music,
And the rush of life is stilled.
The winds of the past sweep o'er it,
From the fields of long ago;
And all through its beds and borders,
The flowers of memory grow.

FRIENDSHIP

There is a flower as pure and white as snow,
That once in bloom, fades not through passing
years;
But, cared for tenderly, will fairer grow,
Till there are flowers few, men call its peers.
This blossom yields a perfume sweet and rare,
A fragrance, which surrounds the lives of those
Who train this gift of God with loving care,
As some fond gardener prunes a cherished rose.
Within the human heart its roots are fed,
The waters it most needs from kindness spring;
The sunshine that it craves by love is shed,
And hope and faith like birds about it sing.
Its rich full beauty here we may not see,
But friendship in the life beyond will perfect be.

WAYSIDE LIGHTS

Every little helps a little,
 Every sunbeam, every smile,
Every common wayside flower,
 Growing by the fence or stile,
Greets us with a breath of sweetness,
 And a beauty, all its own;
We were made to help each other,
 Nothing lives for self alone.

Every good deed is a sunbeam,
 Making someone's path more bright,
Every little self-denial,
 Is a star in some dark night;
Every bit of honest effort,
 Every cheerful service given,
Lights a candle in some window
 On the road that leads to Heaven.

QUESTIONINGS

What is there beyond life's smiling and weeping,
Its sunshine and shadows, its joys and pain?

What will it be like, that endless forever,
When Time shall have ceased to reign?

Is Heaven to be a beautiful city,
Filled with a glory of wonderful light?
Will there be a throne, a long shining river?
And streets all golden and bright?

Or, is it perhaps, but just a fair country,
With mountains and valleys beside the sea,
Where choirs of birds are constantly singing,
And brooks are happy and free?

Shall we be like those the masters have painted?
Those angels, in shimmering robes of white,
Shall we sing, and sing, adown through the ages?
And will there be no more night?

Think you, we shall know, and be known, out
yonder,
When the stars grow dim, and the dawn shines
through?
Think you, we shall love, and be loved, in Heaven?
Ah me! if we only knew!

THE BETTER WAY

Some people there are with a little load
Of trouble, or care, or pain;
Who fret every step of the weary road,
And oft rebel and complain.

They tell those they meet that life is unjust,
And mourn o'er their dreary lot;
They reach after bread, and get but the crust,
Then sigh for what they have not.

While others, whose loads are heavier far
The future with courage face;
They drop cheering words wherever they are,
And bear with wonderful grace
The prick of the thorns that grow by the way,
The hardships they needs must meet;
They think not of self, but try every day
To smile, keep patient, and sweet.

They find after all, that life's not so bad,
For flowers bloom by the way;
There are always things for which to be glad,
No matter what some folks say.
So let's trudge along, though the road be steep,
And the sky be overcast;
If we do our best, and a brave heart keep,
We shall reach the goal at last.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

A CURE

When things get all kinder criscross,
And you're feelin' sorter blue;
Jes get chummy with the sunshine,
Let it warm you, through and through.

When the world looks dark with trouble,
And things seem to go all wrong;
Take a mornin' walk, and listen
To the wild birds' happy song.

Get in tune with Mother Nature,
She will straighten out the quirks;
Then, go back, and do your duty,—
Try it, and you'll find it works.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

AN OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT

When I was young, an' wanted fer
To take a little ride,
I jest hitched up the brown mare Bess,
I bought uv Deacon Clyde.
An' down the hill we'd jog along,
On naught but pleasure bent;
But when we reached a level stretch,—
Geemimy! how we went!

I'd kinder hold up on the lines,
An' whistle, soft an' low;
An' then, a flyin' through the town
In fustrate style we'd go.
Sometimes Janet was by my side,
An' then, I'd drive more slow;
There wan't no use a hurryin',
In them old days, you know.

We saw the sunset glory fade,
An' die out, in the west,
An' then, we watched the moon shine forth,
An' that time we liked best.
'Twas all so still, and peaceful like,
An' fair as fair could be;
It seemed as if the world was made
Fer jest Janet, an' me.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

But now-a-days, when young folks ride,
They needs must have a car,
A noisy, hurly-burly thing,
That travels fast, and far.
It has a horn attachment too,
That blows a fearsome blast,
To warn slow folks to clear the way,
While it goes whizzin' past.

The songs uv birds, an' brooks, an' winds,
Don't have no kinder show;
But automobiles cover space,
An' that's what counts, you know.
They leave an awful smell behind,
An' more'n a peck uv dust;
But that can't stop the present age,
Go autoin', it must.

The dear old days uv loiterin'
Are ancient hist'ry now,
High pressure is the battle cry,
Get there, no matter how.
Each day, some take their last long ride,
Their autos gone to smash;
While others, crushed an' bleedin' lie,
Beneath some sudden crash.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

But still the pageant sweeps along,
The thing is in the air;
The automobile has the road,
An' horse-flesh must beware.
We slow old folks must step aside,
An' let the things go by;
We can't keep up with this ere gait,
An' 'tain't no use to try.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

TENDERNESS

I've heard its voice in music sweet,
I've seen it in the twilight skies;
I've felt it in a loved one's touch,
I've seen it in a mother's eyes.

I've heard it in a child's sweet voice,
I've felt it in the summer breeze;
I've seen it in the pansy's smile,
I've heard it whisper in the trees.

I've felt it in the sun's warm rays,
I've seen it in the stars above;
It breathes in all God's universe,
The tenderness that's born of love.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

AN INVITATION

I have a little garden plot,
Where happy fancies grow;
Where voices greet me from the past,
And faces come and go.

Where fragments of forgotten days
Bring back a word, a smile;
And dear ones, who have wandered far,
Seem near me, for a while.

And there I spend a quiet hour
Sometimes, when day is done;
And watch the years go drifting by,
And vanish, one by one.

And, all alone with memory
Find peace, and strange sweet rest;
Then, wander safely back again,
Refreshed, renewed, and blest.

And I would have you share the joy
I find within its walls,
And see what I have planted there,
And hear the soft footfalls

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

Of those who make my garden fair,
And keep it fresh and sweet;
So enter, friend, and spend an hour
Of rest, in my retreat.

Then you will see the olden days,
The friends, that used to be;
As hand in hand, you walk and talk
Alone, with memory.

AN IDEAL HOME

A place where sunny smiles and kind words thrive,
Where patience blooms, and love holds gentle sway;
Where sympathy is ever kept alive,
And faith and trust keep watch from day to day.

Where childish voices make glad music sweet,
And in each room dear tender mem'ries throng;
Where oft are heard the sounds of tiny feet,
Of joyous laughter, and of happy song.

It may be in a mansion grand and fair,
Or, in a cottage, weather-stained and old;
It matters not, the place, if love is there,
For kindly deeds are dearer far than gold.

So, let us build our habitations right,
And bring to them our best, as on we roam;
Make each a sort of steady beacon light,
A place to live and grow in, "home sweet home."

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

MY RESOLVE

I must grow old, but I'm going to keep young,
And smile while I can, and sing;
Though snows of age o'er my head may be flung,
I'll keep in my heart the spring.

My feet may lag down the long western slope,
But my soul shall be light, and free;
I'll guide my steps by the beacon of hope,
The torch that has beckoned me.

Though years may bring to me shadows, or sun,
My heart, it must not grow cold;
And when, at last, all my journey is done,
My soul shall be young, not old.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

CONTENTMENT

I take a sight o' comfort,
Jes livin' day by day,
And pickin' up the sunbeams
I find along the way
That leads from Childhood Valley
To Old Age, by the sea;
And all along the journey
There's joy enough for me.

Somehow I never tire
Of hearin' robins sing;
And smellin' all the sweetness
That comes along with Spring.
I love the wildwood blossoms,
The laughin' brooks, so free;
And if I jes keep smilin',
There's joy enough for me.

Of course there's broken bridges,
And bits of sandy road;
There's long and lonely marshes,
By sorrow overflowed.
But there are wildrose hedges,
And green fields, fair to see;
And if I jes keep hopin',
There's joy enough for me.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

I like to meet a comrade,
And stop, and talk awhile;
To feel a friendly hand clasp,
And catch a kindly smile.
To sort o' sense the friendship
And love, I cannot see;
For they all make the journey
A pleasant way for me.

I love the quiet places,
Where I may pause, to think,
I love the cool sweet fountains
Of life, where I may drink;
But best of all, the knowledge,
That where I cannot see,
The Master of the Ages
Will safely pilot me.

MY QUIET VALLEY

There's a quiet little valley,
Where no cold wind ever blows;
Where the sunset and the sunrise
Leave their tints of gold and rose.

Where sometimes the rarest music
Comes in strains divinely sweet;
As I rest my weary spirit
Where the soft gray shadows meet.

It is hidden 'twixt the hilltops
Of To-morrow and To-day,
There my anxious thoughts untangle,
And my troubles fade away.

Gentle Faith stands at its portal,
With her bright-faced sister, Hope;
And the rich red flowers of courage
Grow upon its western slope.

Happy thoughts are ever present,
Sometimes singing, sometimes still;
And the air is always fragrant
With the perfume of good will.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

Very precious are the moments
That I find to linger there,
For a bit of quiet thinking,
Or a softly murmured prayer;

For they give me strength, and patience,
For the path my feet must tread;
And a smile, to meet the morning
Of the day that's just ahead.

THE REASON WHY

Somehow, in spite of all the things
That go to make life fair,
The music of the dancin' streams,
The bird songs in the air;
The sky, with all its changin' scenes,
The sunshine, warm and bright;
It's sometimes hard to balance up,
And make the books look right.

Some people hafter go afoot,
While others, drive a team;
Some drink skim milk from wooden bowls,
And others, live on cream.
Some eat the crusts and husks of life,
And some, have cake, and pie,
And mighty mixin' business 'tis
To find the reason why.

There's those who hear life's harmonies
All full, and rich, and sweet;
And those who listen to one tune
Ground out with measured beat,
Till heart and brain get on a strike,
And things go sorter wrong;
Jest 'cause they're got all tired out,
A hearing that one song.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

It's awful kinder puzzlin',
And hard to cipher out
Why things get tangled as they do,
And criscrossed all about.
Why those who have, should have still more,
While others, have still less;
Why some, should drink life's choicest wine,
And some, its bitterness.

Of course it's hard to understand,
But 'tain't no use to doubt;
I reckon God is on His throne,
And knows what He's about.
The universe's a big concern,
Too much for you and me;
But there is One, who knows the plan,
And though we can't quite see

Jest how it's all acomin' out,
We each can do our part;
Can keep a smilin' countenance,
A song, within the heart.
And some day, all the clouds will fade
From out our troubled sky;
And we shall look beyond the veil,—
Shall know, the reason why.

LITTLE VOICES

Happy little voices,
Full of childish glee;
Shouting, laughing, singing,
In the sunshine free.
Joining in the chorus
That the glad birds sing
In the morning hours
Of the fair young Spring.

Cheery little voices,
In the noon-tide calm;
When the streams are chanting
Low, their mid-day psalm.
From about my door-way
I can hear them call;
Precious little voices,
How I love them all!

Sleepy little voices,
When the sun has set;
And with dewy kisses
All the grass is wet.
In the hush of evening;
Asking for God's care;
Floating up to Heaven,
On the still night air.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

'Tis the sweetest music
I shall ever hear,
Trusting baby voices,
Lisping words of prayer.
Till in God's own country,
By the crystal sea;
Sweetly, white-robed angels
Sing, to welcome me.

STEPPING-STONES TO HAPPINESS

If you have a pleasure, share it,
If you have a burden, bear it,
If you have a smile, why, wear it,
 Or a grin;
If you have a dream, pursue it,
If you have a duty, do it,
If you have a task, go to it,
 And you'll win.

If the road seems rough in places,
Beauty will have left its traces,
And there'll be cool pleasant places,
 Rest to lend;
Help your comrades to be whiter,
Try to make some burden lighter,
And the world a little brighter,—
 Be a friend.

ALONE AT NIGHT

Bright stars, that shine so far above me,
Are ye the lamps the angels bear,
As o'er the darkened world of sleep
They watch with tender loving care?

Sweet dewy blossoms all about me,
Are ye a part of Eden's bliss,
Designed by God, to bless and brighten
A world as full of tears as this?

Oh, heart of mine, that knows the beauty
Of earth, and sky, and pale moonlight;
Be still,—and feel it all around thee,
The strange, sweet mystery of night.

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

To a Patient Invalid

Softly fall the evening shadows,
Toward the west the sun doth creep;
And the little birds are singing
All earth's tired ones to sleep.

Sweetly falls the clear sweet music
On the quiet Summer air;
And a hush broods over all things,
As if nature were at prayer.

Then the stars peep shyly earthward,
While sweet dewy kisses fall
On the blossom's upturned faces,
And among the tree-tops tall.

Moonbeams dance with swaying leaflets,
While the cool wind softly sighs;
And each tiny feathered songster
To his happy home-nest flies.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

So, when life's long day is ended,
Softly may'st thou fall asleep;
While the birds sing evening vespers,
And the long gray shadows creep

O'er the azure veil of Heaven,
Shutting out the sunlit west;
After years of pain and weakness,
May'st thou find a grateful rest.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

“There’s no use, I know I can’t,”
Sighed a pessimistic ant,
“Nothing counts that I can do,
Can you wonder that I’m blue?”

“You are out of tune, I see,”
Chirped a cheerful busy bee;
“Try, and see what you can do,
There’s no sense in being blue.

Just brace up, and come along,
Listen to that robin’s song
Nothing changes his gay mood,
And he does a world of good.

Life is what we make of it,
Whining doesn’t help a bit.
So cheer up, and do your part,
You’ll get there, but you must start.”

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

GLIMPSES

I've seen it in the pansy's upturned face,
In dew-drops bright, that gem the common sod;
I've seen it in a young child's winsome grace,
The radiant hope-giving smile of God.

I've heard it in the ocean's rhythmic song,
On Summer morns, when Beauty walks abroad;
In choirs of music, tender, sweet and strong,
The wonderful, compelling voice of God.

I may not know where God and Heaven are,
I am content to live, and learn, and grow;
Convinced that whether they be near, or far,
It matters not, since some day, I shall know.

A THOUGHT OF ME

When the happy sunbeams wake thee,
And the morning greets thine eyes,
When the world seems full of music
Floating up to God's blue skies;
When the fresh winds fan the daisies,
And bright dew drops gem the lea;
When the little brooks are gladdest,
Hast thou then, a thought of me?

When the great Sun takes the fair Earth
In his arms to hold and kiss,
And the waters 'neath his glances
Silent grow, for very bliss;
When the little birds chirp softly,
As they flit from tree to tree,
In the splendor of the noon-tide,
Hast thou then, a thought of me?

When the moon is high in Heaven,
And the starry lamps are lit,
When the air is sweet with incense,
And the night-moths slowly flit
To and fro among the blossoms,
What does evening say to thee?
When the south winds woo the roses,
Hast thou then, a thought of me?

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

"IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE"

I'd like to feel my task well done,
That I no word had spoken
That might give pain to anyone,
That I no law had broken.
To know that I had done my best,
Had made some pathway brighter;
That I some heart had cheered and blessed,
Had made some burden lighter.
And then I'd lay me down to sleep,
And would no trouble borrow;
I'd "pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
And trust Him for to-morrow.

IF WE COULD KNOW

If we could know the silent joy that thrills the earth

When sleeping Nature feels the first warm kiss of Spring;

If we could comprehend that wonderful new birth
That causes buds to bloom, and happy birds
to sing.

If we could know the bitter tears that have been shed,

If we could see the broken shattered dreams of youth;

If we could hear the pleading prayers that have been said,

If we could know how many search in vain, for truth.

If we could trust mid clouds, that God would send the sun,

And feel that what He sends, for us, is right and best;

If we could tell which path to choose, and which to shun,

If we could know the way that leads to peace, and rest.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

If we could know the thoughts that dwell in other
hearts,
How much of weary pain and sorrow might be
stayed;
If we, like God, could see the whole, and not its
parts,
How bright and glad for some souls might the
world be made.

HOPE

Deary, have thy toys been broken?
Art thou weary of thy play?
Has some quiet "no" been spoken,
That has kept thee from thy way?
Does to-day seem full of sadness,
Canst thou not with trials cope?
Morn will bring thee hours of gladness,
Patient be, my child, and hope.

Pilgrim, have thy hopes been shattered?
Art thou weary of the strife?
Have thy golden dreams been scattered,
O'er the storm-tossed sea of life?
Does to-day seem full of sorrow?
Dost thou in thick darkness grope?
After night will come to-morrow,
Patient be till then, and hope.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

WEAVING

We stand upon the river shore,
And backward look, across the years;
Sometimes we laugh, sometimes we grieve,
Sometimes we smile, through mist of tears.

For life is like a woven web,
Of quiet gray, of dark and light;
With strong rich threads of love and hope,
To keep it firm, and make it bright.

As one by one the years drift by,
Each, with its warp and woof of life;
Let us sort out the tangled skeins
Of discord, discontent, and strife,

And only use the better threads,
That make our fabric fair and strong;
Weave now and then a flower of hope,
With here a smile, and there a song.

WHITHER

When life with all its varied scenes is at an end
And toward the sanded shores of time my footsteps
tend,

When all that I have learned so well to love and
know
I leave behind, O, tell me, whither shall I go?

Beyond this starlit veil of blue, what myst'ry lies?
Is there a Heaven and place of rest, beyond the
skies?

Is there somewhere a God, whose great and mighty
love

Will some day draw all men to him above?

Be still, O heart of mine, and be at rest,
The little bird sleeps peacefully within his nest,
The flowers bud and bloom, and never question
Why;

They do their part the world to bless, and so will I,

Trusting that He, who gives to each wild-bird his
song,

Who trims the stars' bright lamps through endless
ages long,

Who guides the little rill, and rules the mighty sea,
To some fair port at last will safely pilot me.

OUR FRIEND

She lived her best, from day to day,
Was ever faithful, ever true;
Such cheering words she used to say,
Kind deeds she loved to do.

She scattered smiles where'er she went,
Before her zeal great tasks grew small;
In her rare qualities were blent,
That made her dear to all.

Our friend we never can forget,
Within our hearts enshrined is she;
Her presence lingers with us yet,
A fragrant memory.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Just around the corner
There's another, brighter day;
Joy is waiting for you,
Up the hill, a little way.
Clouds may lower above you,
And some days it's sure to rain;
But there will be a rainbow,
And the sun will shine again.

Just beyond to-morrow
There's a dream that's coming true;
Somewhere, in the future,
There is work for you to do.
Keep your faith untarnished,
Do your best, from day to day,
And you will find the rainbow,
Just ahead, a little way.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

MOTHER'S EVENTIDE

She sits beside the quiet sea,
And waits her turn to go;
Around her, flowers of memory
In fragrant beauty grow.

With gentle dignity and grace
She waits and watches there;
The sunset light upon her face,
And on her snow-white hair.

The years have brought her toil, and care,
Her share of good and ill;
From each, she gathered riches rare,
Her eventide to fill.

And now, with loved ones ever near,
With friends, and books, at hand;
She dwells in peace, our pilgrim dear,
Upon the border land.

The twilight shadows gently fall,
Sweet thoughts pervade the air;
The birds of evening softly call,
Frail moonbeams kiss her hair.

And so, she sits beside the sea,
Content to wait a while;
Upon her face tranquillity,
And in her eyes, a smile.

WHEN I GROW OLD

When I have gathered all the fresh sweet bloom of
youth,

And stand upon life's hilltop, looking back;

When I have sounded deeps of clear unfettered
truth,

Have left some hopes, some dreams, along my
track;

May Peace her cloak of white about me fold,
And Love hold fast my hand as I grow old.

When down the western slope of time I take my
way,

And leaves of Autumn rustle 'neath my feet;

May I recall with quiet joy life's glad young May,
When dreams were real, and days were long,
and sweet.

Keep me O God, from growing hard and cold,
For, Oh! I would be young, when I grow old.

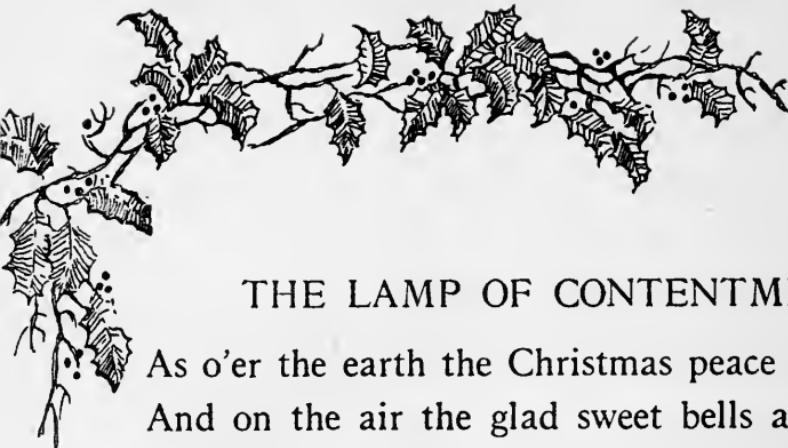
ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

WHEN THE JOY BELLS RING

O fair white moon, when Christmas draweth near
Bid all thy starry children bright to shine;
Fill Heaven and earth with glory from on high,
In honor of the Infant Child, Divine.

O Winter wind, when angels chant above
Of peace on earth, go gently on thy way;
And whisper low the message far and wide,
That Christ, the Lord, was born on Christmas
day.

O hearts of men, grow kind, and full of love,
When carols sweet, the happy children sing,
Forgive all wrongs, and make some brother glad,
When o'er the land the Christmas joy bells ring.



THE LAMP OF CONTENTMENT

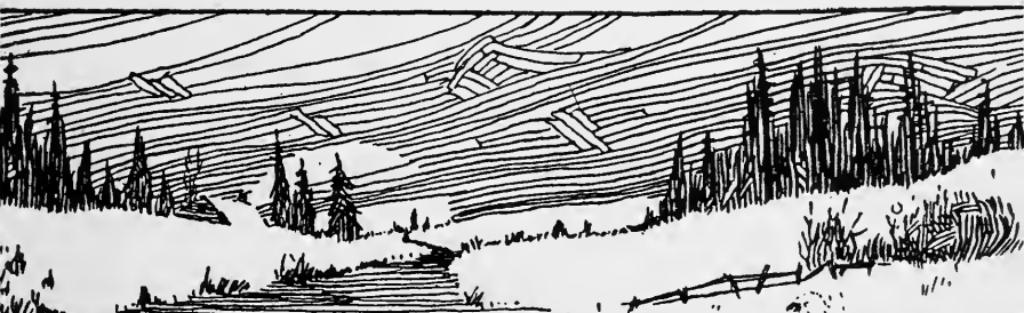
As o'er the earth the Christmas peace is stealing,
And on the air the glad sweet bells are pealing,
I bring to thee a little gift of love,
Which, if thou'l guard with care, will ever prove
A beacon bright, though dark and drear the day,
A guiding star, upon life's rocky way.

Like birds that come and go, are hours of pleasure,
True happiness is rare,—a priceless treasure;
But when thou'st learned to be content with life,
To gather up its joys, to shun its strife,
Thou wilt not murmur at what God may send,
But smile, and trust, because He sees the end.

When thou art wounded by the thorns of sorrow,
When cares and trials wait thee on the morrow,
This little lamp of thine will show to thee
Hope's fragrant roses, though they hidden be
By weeds of doubt and fear, and thou shalt know
That all is well, because God wills it so.

ECHOES FROM THE GREEN HILLS

Along life's road are cool and pleasant places,
Where linger Faith and Love, with all their graces;
And there, soothed by their beauty, thou shalt rest,
Content to know thy Father's way is best.
And though that way thou canst not understand,
Keep bravely on, thy beacon in thy hand.



A MESSAGE OF PEACE

Where is the peace of which the angels sang
When that one guiding star shone clear and
bright?

Where is the joy that filled the shepherds' hearts,
And made a strange white glory in the night?

'Tis scattered far and wide, throughout the world,
And blossoms here and there, in hearts of men;
Its fragrance sweetens life where'er it goes,
And bids the bells of hope ring out again.

The world is out of tune, but we can hear
Great chords of harmony, amid the strife;
And know, that soon or late, there will appear
To us a vision of a better life.

And so, upon this coming Christmas day,
May those who know real peace their blessing
share;
And fling it broadcast, through the needy world,
That it may grow and blossom everywhere.

Until the deadly wrongs that shame our day,
The selfishness, and greed, the lust for gain,
Be over-ruled by Christian brotherhood,
And God's own peace shall fill the earth again.

December, 1919.

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